

BOZART and Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM and The Oracle

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK



MARCH-APRIL, 1933

*"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."*

—KEATS.

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Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

Published six times a year at Oglethorpe University, Georgia.

WIGHTMAN F. MELTON, Ph.D. Editor

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY PRESS Publisher

Vol. VI.

MARCH-APRIL, 1933

No. 4

Prizes Offered

"In memory of Ernest Hartsock," donated by Cora Smith Gould—a \$25.00 prize for the best poem in each issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE, to be awarded by ballot—provided elsewhere in this magazine.

ABBY CRAWFORD MILTON offers a cash prize of \$25.00, "*The Sidney Lanier Poetry Prize*," for the best poem on a tree—or trees—published in BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year 1933. The judges to be nationally known poets.

MRS. WILLAFORD R. LEACH offers a cash prize of \$10.00, "*The Collegiate Poetry Prize*," for the best poem—of not over 32 lines—by a college student, to be published in this magazine during the calendar year 1933. Judges will be well known poets and teachers of poetry.

AGNES COCHRAN BRAMLETT offers a cash prize—\$5.00 in Gold—for the best sonnet appearing in this magazine during 1933. (The donor will be the judge).

EDITH TATUM will present a copy of her "Patteran" to the author of the best poem appearing in this issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE—she to be the judge.

GOLDIE CAPERS SMITH offers an autographed copy of her "Sword of Laughter" for the best poem on a Biblical theme published in this magazine during 1933—she to be the judge.

KATHLEEN SUTTON will present a copy of her "Masquerade" to the author of the best poem appearing in each of the next three issues of this magazine—she to be the judge.

HELEN HARRIET SALLS offers a copy of her "Pensive Citadels" for the best poem by an undergraduate in a Southern College, to be published in this magazine during the calendar year 1933—she to be judge.

Prize Awarded

The Cora Smith Gould prize of \$25.00, "*In memory of Ernest Hartsock*," has been awarded to Alelaide Love, of Illinois, for her poem, "The Wife of Potiphar," in the January-February issue.

Our Prizes

Sometimes it is also blessed to receive. Faith Vilas, president of the New York Craftsman Poetry Group, has just notified the editor of his election to Honorary Membership in that organization; and the Birmingham, Ala., Poetry Club, "as a unit," pledges us its earnest support.

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Entered as second class matter, November 1930, at the Post Office at Oglethorpe University, Ga., under the Act of Congress of Mar. 3, 1879.

The Editor's Salon

BY WIGHTMAN F. MELTON

As editor of VERSECRAFT I conducted a department which I called "The Editor's 'Log Book'," and if it were not for the fact that it might smack of the facetious, I would call this new department "The Editor's 'Life Boat';" but, after having cruised two years, it has been my good fortune to come into the port of Beaux Arts, where I have found an established Salon for the reception of visitors and their works of art.

To begin, let me thank the hundreds of friends, fellow-editors and other poets for their cordial letters. These congratulations, both to BOZART: CONTEMPORARY VERSE and myself, make me feel quite humble; but they also inspire me to produce a magazine worthy of the memory of its founder, the brilliant young Ernest Hartsock, and his competent successors, Dr. Mary Brent Whiteside, and the late lamented Robert Leseur Jones.

And now to work.

Since most of the poems coming to this desk are lyrics, and since many of the younger poets have requested me to discuss this form of verse, I propose, first, to give Margery Swett Mansfield's definition of a lyric (Writer's Monthly, August, 1926): "The true lyric is a drop of water—a star imprisoned within it, or a finely cut diamond; or a soft, perfect petal. It is complete in itself, and yet only an infinitesimal embodiment of a universal emotion—a facet that catches and intensifies a single ray of the almighty sun. It is a small voice whispering little truths that imply a bigger one; and it is above all a voice singing with a lovely unanalyzable melody."

In her article, "The Elusive Lyric," from which the above quotation is taken, Miss Mansfield paraphrases Isabelle Fisk Conant as follows: "The chief thing in writing a lyric, at least in its first stages, is not to interfere with it. Whether one becomes aware of a lyric as a voice speaking within oneself, or as a voice entirely outside oneself, the important thing

(Continued on page 29)

The Surgeon

Now he begins: his fingers feel
The tiny burning bit of steel:
They move, obedient to a star
Unseen by us: his sure hands are
So swift that the swift hands of death
Are held; there is one slender breath
Between the two, so delicate
No callipers can measure it
Sae there he holds - I think there is
No deed so near to God as his.

W Alfred J. Funk

To Dr. Thornwell Jacobs
June 16, 1932

Journey's End

When I grow old and give myself to rest,
 No more shall former beauty hurt my heart;
No more shall my pulse quicken to the quest
 Of shallow loveliness, my being start
At my past April splendors—drift of rain
 Upon blue hills, the grandeur of the day
When dawn flings out its crimson crest, the wane
 Of dusk when purple-fingered shadows play.

My soul shall hold cathedral silence then;
 My heart shall carry beauty like a star,
Its beauty quiet as my thoughts within
 And still as fire-muted mansions are.
Then in this hour shall I know to rise
And be upon my way to Paradise.

—ROBERT LESEUR JONES.

Robert Leseur Jones

*"When I grow old . . . no more shall former beauty
 hurt my heart." R.L.J.*

Old hearts hold beauty as a quiet guest,
Sharing warm memories through a twilight hour;
Only the young take up the burning quest
To find her secret, flame-encircled bower.

Too deep the hurt to these; we cannot know
The bruising power of loveliness, the pain
That falls upon their hearts with drifting snow,
With floating mist, and April's petalled rain.

We cannot tell; but when, like this, one goes
Swiftly into the shrouding violet
Of midnight shadows, each of us but knows
A star has set.

—CARRIE FALL BENSON.

Mutation

I plucked it down and left it where it fell. . . .
I went into the night alone,
As barren as a stone,
And fascinated by a star,
Afar
Against the heaven's gray lapel,
I passed, a-nimbus in the night,
Apart,
An avatar of light,
For when I plucked the saffron star
It fell into my heart.

—ROBERT LESEUR JONES.

A Flower For Sappho

The curtain of the centuries is hung,
A veil, between me and the love-mad thing
That was you, Sappho, passionate, suffering,
When with your lute of life unstrung and broken,
With magic lines upon your tongue unspoken,
And deathless lyrics on your lips unsung,
You sought dark comfort, wildly, suddenly,
And found the black oblivion of the sea.

Time's veil is thick, the centuries are long;
Your love is legend, now—a tale, your woe.
(A myriad poets live and love and go. . . .
The world forgets. Its memory is brief!)

Today men think no more upon your grief,
Though they still hold the memory of your song,
The flower of that deep-rooted poignancy
Without which no immortal song can be—

Ah, yes, the world forgets, but poets go
Remembering, for they, the poets, know . . .
The humblest, knowing and remembering, too,
Now flings a flower upon the sea for you.

—ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY.

These Things Remain

(For Sara Teasdale)

What things remain when poets pass, unless
They have kept faith with loveliness?

Beyond the fragile lamp of porcelain;

The flame of ardor; shadow of pain,

April and love and death remain.

These were her trinity of song; her themes
Colored of beauty and of dreams.

April and love! Shall not death's self consent
That these shall be her testament?

Not ever dust! Those singing lips shall be
A silver whisper in the sea,—

Her gesture to eternity;

While for remembering hearts, she lives beneath
A living rose from Sappho's wreath.

—MARY BRENT WHITESIDE.

Frustration

Nothing makes me glad or sad
Save the things we two have had.

Nothing penetrates my heart
But the pain of us—apart.

Every primrose moon that flowers
Haunts me with remembered hours.

Fold your thoughts about me, dear,
Let me feel that you are near—

Tell me that, together, we
Shall achieve eternity;

That on some far silver star
We shall learn why heartaches are,

While my soul is merged with yours
In a heaven that endures.

—ZOE KINCAID BROCKMAN.

Easter: 1933

We have known bloody Easters, and the wide
Lift of defensive banners. Now we bring
Our hunger for a desperate offering;
From brooding street and listless countryside,
No longer broken hearts, but broken pride.
We come in weariness, remembering
The brimming chalice of a happier spring;
Hope undefeated, though with bread denied.

Is spring's return an answer—or a call?
Bermuda fields are white with lilies still,
And foam white pear trees crown a waiting hill.
Oh, fleet they are with their renewing coronal;
Beauty, that levies tribute and a price,—
Beauty and spring—and the eternal sacrifice.

—MARY BRENT WHITESIDE.

Question

What in heaven will answer for a day
In early April? A day when ferns uncurl
Soft velvet fronds beneath the warming sun?
When raucous crow notes tell of dawn begun
And little winds of morning gaily hurl
Themselves against the peachtrees' pink array?

A day when one is suddenly earth bent
And longs to crumble bits of powdered soil
About the roots of growing plants, to toil
Until he aches but feels a strange content?
What perfect beauty will heaven give mankind
To compensate earth's April, left behind?

—LIDA WILSON TURNER.

From Gods of the Desperate Now

"Dominus det tibi pacem!"

—Greeting of St. Francis of Assisi.

These, in the calcium, are the gods Today
Raises upon its altars: gods with blind
Eyes turned indifferent on our humankind:
Gold gods with feet of clay:

Battle-armed gods, who teach revenge and hate,
Who drain the blood of brothers: gods whose dark
Vision encompasses men alone who mark
Life but to mutilate;

These, in the forefront, idols of a wrong
Never can we undo, until we shake
Lethargic worshipers, and bid them break
This soul-depleting thong.

For we are our victims in a chain-gang, moving
Into an imminent void, where Light is not;
A charnel-place, a vision misbegot,
Philosophy's unproving.

We, who have worshiped wealth's thin-clinking patter,
And hated when we heard it not, or when
We heard it on the palms of other men—
As though the sound were matter,

As though the matter were a vast concern,
Or wealth, or need, were entities complete,—
To us who hold effect but small, and greet
The cause, and for it burn,

To us the mechanistic gods we raise
Look blindly; while below their shrines we lift
Sleep-heavy eyes, soul-sleeping eyes, and shift,
Ashamed, our own blind gaze.

We who have flung our towers to the sky,
And girt with guns our national small dirt,
Yet have a sense of failure and a hurt,
And cannot measure why.

With seats of learning, we are infantile,
Shaking the rattle of our crumbs of lore;
Forgotten is the knowledge gleaned before
Forgotten was our smile.

Now we know only greed, and all mistrust;
We wreck who cannot build anew; we run
To whim and folly, done as we are done
Before our dust is dust.

So in our braggadocio bold, yet frightened
In the small cells that hold our souls, we look
Blindly upon our gods, who long forsook
Their worshipers, unenlightened.

II

There was a man, one time, a man who trod
The stony steeps of Umbria, blithely singing
Of Perfect Joy, and through his song was bringing
A sick world home to God.

A world not torn as we are torn today,
Yet a world bleeding, but a world of vision,
That, spite its laughter at him, and derision,
Had not unlearned to pray.

And brother sang to brother; rich and poor
Knew poverty and wealth but secondary;
Until the Canticle of the Sun made very
Music at Heaven's door;

Until a tatter-tunic bearded friar
Could spread his arms, endearing, round a ball
And toss it to the Eternal Child, nor fall
Since there was no child higher.

O lovely moment! Jesus with His earth
Cast back to Him by Francis! . . . Must we know
We have recaptured, and have burst below
That ball of sacred mirth?

Must we acknowledge we have lost again
All that the Poverello won? Have lost
Humility, and love, and peace, and, most,
The perfectness of pain?

Or, through the wreck and ruin of our way,
Over the blind gods' crumbling altar stair
Can an interior eye, prophetic, there
See a returning ray,

Ray of a glory that, to our sight dim,
Comes in a gathering rush, from place afar?
Is the Assisian Seraph light, as star
Is to the light of Him?

Then we can kneel indeed, on grateful sod
Lifting green leaves of hope. We lift instead
Streaming unblinded eyes of faith, ahead,
Into the eyes of God.

—BENJAMIN MUSSER.

Today

The wistful sadness of the world
Lies in my hand, a scroll, unfurled
For me to read. God give me light
That I may read, and read aright.

—GRACE BUTLER.

These Shall Not Hurt

Wind and water
Earth and sun
These shall not hurt
When life is done.

The arrowed wind
Like scented laughter
Shall leave no wound
To bleed thereafter.

Water that glistens
With spears of gold
Can not impale
The heart that's cold.

Earth whose beauty
Could make me weep
Shall not trouble
My final sleep.

The sun enamoured
Of the crimson west
Fails to inflame
The quiet breast.

These shall not irk
The mouldering dust
Of one who felt beauty
Like a jagged thrust.

—ROSE DULSKY.

Pledge of Faith

Now winter wanes and, lest we should forget,
Spring stirs and smiles, though sweetly slumbering yet,
And in her happy visions sends to earth
Her pledge of faith—the fragrant violet.

—MARY COLES CARRINGTON.

Photereon

Some day, for me, the Sun shall go to rest,
And twilight shadows drape the fading world;
As I shall strike my tent, with flag unfurled
March silent and alone into the west.
Then lo! before, the star-decked palimpsest
Shall be unrolled, where I in wonder go;
And I shall see, and read: And I shall know
Truths which in earth have never half been guessed.

Vast unknown depths of far celestial space—
The farthest star, whose streaming radiance bright,
Each spiral nebula, whose pearly light,
Ten thousand circling eons may not trace—
I shall explore. And somewhere, face to face,
Meet Him who at creation said "Let there be Light."

—V. O. WALLINGFORD.

Enrichment

How, then, shall I enrich my years?
By learning patience from my peers,
By following those avatars
Who hold their heads amid the stars,
Wearing on lip a smile and song
Although the way be rough and long:
By giving hand to those that strive
And keeping Kindliness alive;
By having Love perpetual guest
Within the harbor of my breast,
By gripping hopes and scorning fears,—
Thus shall I best enrich my years!

—CLINTON SCOLLARD.

For The Defense

Science, from thunder's sharp white quill, has caught
A language; industry, as need demands,
Forges a pristine tongue; but poet hands
Still wield the tools with which their fathers wrought—

Who had no need for pen—more facile, light—
To chart the frigid footprints of a Byrd,
For voice, more golden-tongued than earth has heard,
To sing a viking's spirit in its flight!

What sound is there to conjure for the eye
A pegasus of metal, winged with flame?
To silhouette the modern Babel's frame
In swift black strokes, upon a cloud-flecked sky?

What knightly word of valor meet to trace,
Suspended in that awful void between
The sleet-lashed clouds and ocean's frothing green,
Youth's mightiest conquest over time and space?

What fluting phrase, to chime in alien ear
Or throb in uninitiated brain,
With all the eerie beauty tones attain
Distilled through leagues of star-strewn atmosphere?

What aria of brief bright agony
To sing a hurtling plane against a storm?
What simile whose rugged runes conform
To steel mills' braw and racous symphony?

Outstripping time in winged celerity,
This splendid hour's redundant glory pelts
The sated senses. . . . but the vision melts
And leaves no epic for posterity.

Come, let the anvil of the immortals ring!
The glowing forge to white-hot depths be stirred!
Let fall the sledge! Beat, bend, the living word
To fit the theme! . . . Then will the poet sing.

—JESSIE WILMORE MURTON.

Blue Heron

Rising against a screen
Of trailing Spanish moss
And clumps of dwarf palmetto-frond,
A Heron sweeps across
The peaceful twilight scene.
Rhythmic, lapping waves beyond,
Make a soft and tossing sound
Upon the sand now spread
With afterglow; and all around
Is wonder-woven magic rimmed
With gauze of blue-and-violet mist.
Upon a bough of pine, long dead,
His tall and lean form limned
Against a sky, now amethyst,
The Heron—evening's sentinel,
Assures himself that all is well.

—MARTHA LYMAN SHILLITO.

When March Is Here

When March is here, how can I go
Serenely through the days? I know
Such secrets that I can not keep—
Of buds awakening that will leap
From roots now cloistered below
The earth's brown stillness, and will grow
In forest stretch and garden row.
I can not calmly wait or sleep
When March is here.

In fields all brown short days ago
New green appears; and I would blow
The first shrill trumpets; garlands heap
Upon the conqueror; on the steep
High turrets, light the torches' glow
When March is here.

—EVELYN WOOD OWEN.

Eve's Devotion

When our first parents sinned, God cursed the ground
For Adam's sake and drove him out; "drove out the man."
The woman, yet unnamed, stood by appalled;
Trembling, she heard this doom pronounced:

"Diet of herbs from the ground accurst;
Thistles and thorns from the ground accurst;
A life of tilling the ground accurst;
A bed at last in the ground accurst!"

"And Adam called his wife's name Eve," and then
Neither the flaming sword nor cherubim
Could separate his other self from him.
And in the cool of evening when the twain
Went forth from out the garden, the great trees,
Feeling the throb of the forgiven ground,
Parted their tangled branches that the moon
Might light them from God's garden to their home.

—WIGHTMAN F. MELTON.

Compensation

(Helen Keller)

Morning and evening star, and the high arc
Of noon blaze in their time. The vesper song
Of wind responds to wave. Only a long
Mute silence holds for her the fettered dark.
Yet she knows ecstasies of vibrant nerve,
And all her tides of being ebb and flow
To urges duller pulses may not know
Of beauty born of touch, texture and curve.

Upon her inward ear when spring returns
What harmonies of changing seasons roll.
And what unearthly borealis burns
Along the far horizons of her soul.
How may her spirit fare, with wings unfurled,
To know the secrets of another world!

—FLORENCE CROW.

Sea Love

Long cradled in the dunes I seek
My strength and healing from the sea,
Just as a child in its mother's arms,
Finds rest and certain sympathy.

My lips receive the wind's quick kiss,
My eyes explore dark riot or calm
Of ocean's moods, while on my ears
Fall strange sea-words like healing balm.

When sudden storms are violent
And rugged waters, beautiful,
Come thundering on the beach, I find
My heart as restful as a pool

Fragrant with laurel and with larch,
Whose dusky, patient waters are
Waiting and willing to receive
And harbor every lonely star.

When the great ocean seems asleep,
No wind, no ship, to plow and tear
Its seamless blue, this silence is
As song to my attentive ear.

Long cradled in the dunes I seek
My strength and healing from the sea,
Just as a child in its mother's arms
Finds rest and certain sympathy.

—JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

The South Wind

Invisible sails from tropic isles
Skim over a sun-lit sea
And bring to an ice-imprisoned land
Their cargo of spicery.

—WIGHTMAN F. MELTON.

Pelicans

These dunes so dark against the paling East
Are lions chained to guard the land from sea—
Great sleeping beasts with names of scrub palmettos
And sides of tawny sand. Sleep, ancient ones;
See, all alone I come to watch the dawn.
Close by, a drowsy rumbling answers me,
And round about soft breathings stir their manes.
How still the land, the farther sea! O peace,
Here let my heart stay always. Here let me watch
The rhythmic wonder of a sea bird winging,
A dolphin rolling through the middle waters,
A small swift piper running by the rim;
And never, never shall you leave me, peace.
Now, while I watch, the Eastern colors change
From pink and blue that mingle into mauve
To fiery rose with scarves of streaming gold;
And while I think my long still thoughts, the swells
Drop—roll—drop—roll upon the patient sand.
Then comes, more still than all, yet moving slow
Across the flaming sky, a rosary—
Black pelicans in even-spaced row.
O birds, whence do you come? Why do you go
Where white sea-mist so soon will hide you from me?
Yet what if I may never solve your flight?
For always I shall see you flying, flying,
Inscrutable, majestic, purposeful,
Unswerving from your well-planned course, on, on,
Forever forging on to secret goals.
The earth moves thus, the sun, and so moves God!
O Unseen One, give me, too, strength to keep
My path straight onward like these pelicans,
And faith to see the goal that lies beyond the mists.

—HARRIET WILLIAMS.

March Miracle

Again, in her dark house of sleep, the earth
Thrills with quickening power—where dormant long
Promise of life has lain, marvel of birth
Unfolds in symphony and pageant song.
Startled by miracle, a witchery
Illusive as an echo in the hills,
Speaks in the throbbing boughs of every tree,
Laughs in the lilting language of the rills;
Suddenly a brown bush is a flame,
Myriad blossoms bursting from the sod,
Rejoice, declaring to the hills a name,
The ever-present and eternal "God!"

—AGNES COCHRAN BRAMLETT.

Suspense

Day is
Creeping from my
Sight— as it steals behind
The dusky, shadowy face of
The earth.

Frosty stars
And the pale sky,
Lit by a half-moon's light,
Reveal a dim, silvery tape . . .
The road.

I wait
Through the long hours
And, breathless from suspense,
Begin to fear the violence
Of Death.

I see
The gaunt shoreline
Revealed; the roaring voice
Of the breakers becomes but a
Whisper!

—PERCY ROBERTS.

Silences

We do not feel the breath of flowers, yet
We know they breathe. We do not hear the speech
Of pregnant blossoms, yet we know they teach
Life's holiest law through fruit-tongued floweret,
More eloquent than words we soon forget.
Too deep for sentient feeling, they upreach
Their hands in silent prayer, and they preach
From texts inscribed in nature's alphabet.

We learn God's deepest truths in silences:
The fall of dew; the effulgent sunlight; snow;
Day tripping down the stairs of dawn; the hands
Of spring destroying winter's fortresses;
The soul's still voice. These God's true gospels know—
All these, and silent love that understands.

—ALEXANDER ALAN STEINBACH.

Where The Treasure Is

The soft and easy times have gone away,
And with them all the things that I had thought
Important—trifles that are lightly bought
With money; but the things that fill my day
With meaning, still are mine, and ask no pay—
Sun-gold, and flowers, and a small hand caught
Within my palm; I knew, but need be taught
Again which treasures live, and which decay.

The truth had been a long time hid from me,
Behind the gods that I had come to trust,
Forgetting in the tinsel-show, the real;
Once more I hear The Voice from Galilee—
Lay not your treasures up on earth, where rust
And moth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal.

—LYDIA KINGSWAY.

Bondage

Let me awake some crystal dawn,
Stretch lazily, and laugh and say;—
“I am no longer bound by love—
I will not think of you today.

And where you go I do not care—
Mountains, or sand dunes white as foam,
I am content, for I have found
The little lasting joys of home.

I shall forget old ecstacies,
Nor let my memory swiftly speed
Backward to other days . . . Oh, you
Will be too vague for me to heed.”

But though I put you from my heart,
An agony still seems to stir,
These cruel chains are holding fast—
I am love's lonely prisoner!

—EDITH TATUM.

Secret Wish

*Ranges and rodeos,
A swift and singing life,
I chose when I decided
To be a cowboy's wife.*

And yet when lamps are lighted
And from small windows shine,
I think it would be heaven,
If one of them were mine.

For, God, like other women,
I want a home to keep,
Flowers to be watered,
And babes to sing to sleep.

—JOY O'HARA.

Youth Questions

They tell me
It is time I found my place in life—
Time for my feet to tread the way
That someday will lead me
To my goal.

But which trail shall I take?
I grope in a fog of uncertainty and doubt.
Down this path I wander restlessly
A little way, then back again.
I brood and dream.
Inspiration comes to me
From a muted strain of music,
A line of poetry—
Or a sermon turns my feet
For a moment toward strange foreign lands.

How shall I find the trail that leads
To my true goal? . . .
Will love come and guide me?

—THEO GUNTER ELMORE.

Now We Are Older

How pitiful the eager way we poured
The wine of love in vessels so unfit
To hold the miracle youth's faith had stored
In acid egotist and hypocrite.

Yet wisdom harvested within our eyes
Shall fill the granary of dwindling years
And guard more reverently the love we prize
Against the howling winter of our fears.

—LUCIA TRENT.

Eurydice Speaks

My lord, I rest in hell, but quite content,
As never on the earth, a cherished wife,
When what you asked was far less than I spent—
Where yours was every heartbeat of my life.
Too much you loved your mad and singing lyre,
Too much the rhythmic loveliness of earth;
I needs must warm me at a lesser fire
The hours when you were tired of song and mirth.
Your love for me, I thought, was sure and kind,
But far too careful and too calm a thing;
I wanted something more—a passion blind,
Urgent, and deaf to any reasoning. . . .

And when you turned, too eager to be wise,
What makes hell heaven for me was in your eyes.

—LILLIAN RAMSEY

Enigma

Something elusive, intangible, fleeting—
Fragile as star beams and filmy as mist;
Faint as the perfume our charmed senses greeting
When lips of pale lilies by dewdrops are kissed.

Gone ere we grasp it—yet always returning,
Fading again like the ghost of a dream—
Pausing a moment—then leaving us yearning,
Luring us on thru the gloom and the gleam.

Leading us down thru the valleys Elysian,
Will-o'-the-wisp-like, it beckons us on,
Mocking us ever, to pale on the vision,
And melt, like the stars in the glory of dawn..

Strive as we may, it eludes us forever,
Still, in life's sunset, when shadows grow long—
Ever enticing, yet tarrying never—
It is the soul of the song.

—J. WILL CALLAHAN.

Napoleon

Dreamer of empires, carving for a space
Upon the onyx of the centuries
In dazzling white the magic of a face
Against the drab of dull realities.

One with the land where veiled in mysteries
Crouches the Sphinx, its stony, folded lids
Guarding a silence; where the desert seas
Break round the bases of the pyramids.

One with the land where frozen steppes unroll
Immeasurable miles, cold, desolate,
Knowing no other end, no other goal
But the one whispered by his mentor—Fate.

Loyal despite sordid disloyalty
Forsaken by the ones he loved the best,
Royal where cringed a pseudo royalty,
He made the name of king a sorry jest.

Dreaming a League of Nations—Unity
From dreary Arctic to the drowsing Nile
He lived to rule in hollow mockery
A puppet kingdom on a puny isle.

And yet the avalanche his lightning hurled
Crushes the Romanoff and drives like sheep
Hapsburg and Hohenzollern; wakes a world
To consciousness from long hypnotic sleep.

Unity—Peace—the Brotherhood of Man
One tongue, one Fatherland, one flag unfurled
(True consummation of the great heart's plan)
Above the Federation of the World.

—EMMA LOUISE FOSTER.

Joseph

When masters of pigmented brush
Depict the Virgin and her Child,
They limn about each head the flush
Of haloes—ray on gold ray piled.

Joseph may kneel nearby, or stand
Within the purple shadows, dim
And vague—but never artist-hand
Paints light above the brow of him.

Yet his kind arm was near and strong
When Mary trod dark travail's ways;
She clung to him, glad to belong
To one unhaloed all his days.

—WINNIE LYNCH ROCKETT.

The Unit

All men are links within a chain,
They gird the earth from pole to pole;
No man is, in himself alone,
A free or independent soul.

Rivers unite to join the sea,
The hills are kindred to the clod;
All men are links within a chain
That dangles from the hand of God.

—ARTHUR MILTON POPE.

Silver Sunset

The sun in a pontifical robe of silver
Bears aloft
An urn
Of foaming cloud:
His evening offering
To the goddess of night.

—FLORENCE EAKMAN.

Silver Silence

Day with its gay, audacious singing
Wins noisy plaudits; then, soft-winged,
Night ushers her black-robed chorus down
With a peaceful strain and the weary town
Chants peans of praise to the afterglow.
But the sad and wise will ever know
That the heart is stilled and the soul withdrawn
In the silver silence before the dawn.

—CLYDE ROBERTSON.

To A Cardinal

A flash! You dart in gala dress
Across the heaven's bright blue—
A streak of crimson loveliness—
Of vivid, startling hue!
A-tilt upon a slender spray
(Like some rare tropic flower)
You scatter through Spring's roundelay,
Your golden minstrel-shower.

The whistling notes, you blithely fling,
Have caught in my heart's mute lyre,
And set my soul a-caroling
With you, on your emerald spire—
For we are one, Gay Troubadour,
In thrilling to the day's allure.

—NORA HEFLEY MAHON.

Infidel

You air your unbelief,
And yet, you watch your rose-bush
For a leaf?

You have no faith in God
And yet, you're planting seeds
Beneath the sod?

—MARIE M. MOTT.

First Snowdrop

Elaine, the lily-maid, arrived in Bliss,
At once was bidden choose a kindred flower
To clothe her spirit still upon the earth,
Sustaining Launcelots with her fragile power.

I met her in the garden unawares.
Elysian beauty caught me to a stop.
“Elaine?” I breathed, “Elaine!” She bowed her head,
Embodied innocence—the first snowdrop.

—ELIZABETH NEWMAN.

My Dawn

With this face I greet the Dawn
Dew on my eyes
Dimmed starlight in my hair.
My spirit flows in gray and silent mist
From me to Her.

We hold each other close a moment—thus—
Cling longingly—
Till Morn sweeps down; drinks off my dew with fire!
Stirs little winds that tangle in my hair,
Leaving me a face at last—
To meet the Day.

—NELLE MALONE EDWARDS.

Spring Tulips

From door to gate
A double row
Of candles burn.
That candles grow
In gardens is
Beyond a doubt.
*I've seen the wind in
April blow them out.*

—OLIVE GRANDISON.

March

Sad, thoughtful Monk in robes of gray
Saying your prayers on raindrop beads
Within drab walls from day to day—
Beware! Spring comes to mock your creeds!
—VERNA M. PROESCHER.

April

April,
My dear, you lead
A double life. That's why
The very thought of you intrigues
Us so.
—LILLIAN M. PIERCE.

Reproof

A redbird singing in the rain
Brought sharp reproof to me,
As, tilted on a dripping bough,
Despite the storm's intensity,
His gallant call came winging:
"Sweet, sweet, sweet,—cheer-up, cheer-up!"
Nor even his little mate's dismay,
Nor the deluge stopped his singing,
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, cheer-up, cheer-up!"
Would I were brave as a cardinal winging
His flame-tipped way through adversity!
—MARY S. FITZGERALD.

Justified

Let no one taunt you, Black-gum tree
For being late to fling
An emerald gauze about you
And go forth to welcome Spring.
Remembering how, in riotous red,
An autumn Amazon,
You boldly led a gypsy host
To charge—Oblivion!
—LUCILE HARGROVE REYNOLDS.

Green Echoes

No music is so exquisitely spun
Of lustre and of sound as April rains.
How luminous and sweet this tune I hear
That shimmers down to earth in slanting strains!

So limpidly it runs, so softly falls
That earth, if only for the music's sake,
Must echo every note with misty green
As April sings the little leaves awake.

ADELAIDE LOVE.

Japanese Cherry Trees

Out of the rough black bark there comes
 Blossoming,
As tho a dumb man suddenly
 Should sing;
Riotously the trees break forth
 In flame,
Shouting in sudden ecstasy
 God's name.

—BELLE CAPLES MORRIS.

Promise

The hills, so darkly dreaming now,
Have certain knowledge of the spring;
And deep within the winter bough
Are plans for future blossoming.

On slanting meadows brown and bare,
The argent fingers of the frost
Have traced a flowery message there,
And not a syllable is lost.

—VIRGINIA CORBIN BIBB.

is to listen to the voice and not to drown it out or interrupt it either by the mechanics of getting pen or pencil at their job, or the too great eagerness of the intellectual mind—the eagerness to analyze the fragmentary first lines in hope of determining the form of the whole and setting it down at once.”

“If you hold off,” continues this paraphrase, “you may be able to ‘hear’ the lyric complete. If you begin at once to analyze, count feet, and try to help it along you will probably get only a fragment of it and will have to manufacture the rest.”

All this reminds us that a poem is not a poem until it is read aloud, and properly; and that, since vowel-sounds have musical quality, every true lyric has a tune of its own. Let the lyric sing itself, then put it on paper. The charm of many of Wordsworth’s shorter lyrics comes from his having composed them aloud, “booing about among the hills,” giving them the ear-test, then going home and having his sister put them on paper while he gave the final tone-touches.

These things—the tones and tunes of spoken words—will come without effort to one who has something sincere to say or sing. Grace Butler, in “Devil’s Wine,” a recent poem, says:

“So Verse is Wine? Indeed, no wonder, then, my blood
Is stirred by deftly blended words! What amber shades
Some vowels impart! Staid consonants can cause a flood
Of saddened thought!”

Turning, now, to our special theme for this issue, let us read again “The World’s Wanderers” by Shelley:

“Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what caverns of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of heaven’s homeless way,
In what depths of night and day
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world’s rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

Is this a complete, finished poem? Moved by the higher law of suggestion, Shelley probably left the poem as it is, knowing that hearts

with "an answering touch of nature" would feel on and be satisfied.

To the eye, the poem is not complete. The external evidence lies in the fact that star and moon and wind, the wanderers enumerated, are but typical of the world's chief wanderer—man. The internal evidence that the poem is incomplete is apparent from the rhymes, *close now* and (re)*pose now*, of stanzas I. and II., which suggests that *billow* of the third stanza needs a rhyme word.

Granting that, in Shelley's conception, the fourth or chief world-wanderer is man, then either *pillow*, the last resting place of the head, or *willow*, the tree associated with man's final sleep, would afford the desired rhyme. In fact, only a Browning or a Tom Hood could easily find any other suitable rhymes for *billow*.

Since the pinions of the star are to be closed, the moon is to find its place of deep repose and the wind its final secret nest, it seems that *willow* is the fitting word to associate with the end of man's wanderings.

Noting the parallellisms in the thought-movement, the alliterations and the interrogations, the following is a possible fourth stanza:

Mortal man, thou stranger here,
Groping in the noonday clear,
Thinkest thou to find good cheer
Underneath some willow?

Possibly it is more poetic to leave all these questions unanswered, but for myself I should like to clinch the argument and give visible climax to the poem by adding a fifth stanza:

Wingéd star and moon and wind,
What thou seekest thou wilt find,
And mortal man will join thee when
He ascends from earth again.

Song

The songs that tremble softly
Out of a night of tears,
Are like the sun a-glitter
Over embattled spears;

Like dew and leaves and roses
And orioles on the wing,
Turning the heart's November
To the petalled green of spring.

—STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

FRANCISCAN POETS—By Benjamin Musser. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This is a book to be read thoughtfully. Although many of the brief studies devoted to the lives and works of those enrolled in the Order of Saint Francis have been made the subjects of whole volumes, the author, himself a Tertiary, has presented each chapter in a fresh and interesting style. Not only is the reader surprised at the facts revealed in the biographical material, but he finds frequent quotations from the works of the poets themselves, the beauty of which is apparent, even though some of it is said to have been lost through translation. One learns that many of these poet-friars attained fame in other fields, in addition to being recognized poets.

In this, his latest book, Mr. Musser has again shown himself worthy of the wide recognition accorded him as a poet and critic by combining both offices in this illuminating presentation of what the Franciscans have bequeathed to us, covering a period of seven centuries. To students of poetry, especially, it will be an inspiration, showing as it does, a realization of "the true mystical spirit which guides the poet to his great accomplishment."

—MARTHA LYMAN SHILLITO.

ONE MAN'S MEAT by R. M. Munroe, Pelican Press, Coral Gables, Florida, \$1.00.)

No better review of this attractive book of clever verse could be written than the opening paragraph of the "Foreword," by Dr. Orton Lowe of the University of Miami, which is as follows:

"What satisfying morsels are to be found in ONE MAN'S MEAT! But the author would be the first to tell you he has no poetical pretensions; he disavows having staked out any claim on high Parnassus. The bulk of the verses between these covers has come from flirtations with the Muses, carried on under editorial pressure and against first edition newspaper deadlines. Yet how poetically has he clicked in phrase and verse and poem; and with what restraint and good taste

has he served lovers of light verse with these choice helpings of one man's meat. I wonder what he could do if he turned to other poetic hunting grounds and really let himself go. May the whirligig of time and the promptings of the poetic gods make this possible one day or another."

As to the type of Bob Munroe's Irish humor, here is a sample:

"'This town ain't what it used to be,'

It never was!"

CHOIR PRACTICE, compiled and edited by Ellen M. Carroll, The Paebear Company, New York. A splendid collection of poems—reflecting the good taste of the editor—published in attractive form.

A PROMISE KEPT

In the January-February issue of this magazine there appeared an announcement, concluding with the statement that *BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE* would be enlarged and certain features added. Former issues contained 20 pages; this, has 32. The last issue contained 18 poems by 17 authors; this, has 51 poems by 48 authors. The last issue represented 5 states; this, represents 19 states and the District of Columbia.

We regret that space does not allow the usual biographical sketches; but it so happens that most of the contributors to this issue are nationally known poets. We are pleased, of course, to present the holograph poem by Wilfred J. Funk, editor of *THE LITERARY DIGEST*; and the poems by our fellow-editors, Whiteside, Brockman, Musser, Moreland, Trent, and Coblenz, the last mentioned, editor of *WINGS*, a new magazine. Rose Dulsky, Clinton Scollard, and Robert Leseur Jones, who have passed on, are represented in this issue. Rose Dulsky's "These Shall Not Hurt," was the last poem she submitted for publication—a premonition.

Of the new poets we are introducing, let us mention Nelle Malone Edwards, grand daughter of Harry Stillwell Edwards; Theo Gunter Elmore, freshman in Agnes Scott College; Verna M. Proescher, a disciple of John Richard Moreland; Rabbi Alexander Alan Steinbach, of Virginia; and Percy Roberts, of Delaware, one of this editor's own discoveries.